





## READ AND RUN.

## RECLAIMING BOG MEADOWS.

London now contains more than half the population of all Ireland.

—William has been boasting of his herds

grain, five and a half feet high.

—The dogs of a certain Georgia village have become so tame that they will sit patient to have their ears tickled, that whenever they see one in the street they back up to it and wait for somebody to make the connection for them previous to starting off.

—It is to have a hawke done private rail-

carriage presented to him, which he can use on the railroads in Germany.

—A lady was found weeping at the door of her house in Monte Carlo, Vervon, mistake-

d for a common to her, who had just

arrived from the battle of Albu-

querque. The chief "quadra" is good

for \$1000; generally rates from

\$1000 to \$1500; and the best

are \$2000. The last

two days' stock sales at \$1000

have been fairly supplied during the

last two weeks, while 7000 were from

the market during the

same period.

—The date of our last issue, a da-

te was developed in good

order, and may be

repeated although somewhat less

expensive.

—The new claimed that Indian corn is not

native to this country at least from

China, of course, every coming from that

countries and received c. the centuries.

Hopkinton, Mass., May 1871.

MR. H. G. WHITE:

Dear Sir: The dozen of 'Spe-

ciality for Dyspepsia' purchased by

me is sold. I know of two

cases of Chronic Dyspepsia which

had baffled the skill of several

physicians in this vicinity. By

the use of your remedy I consider

them permanently cured.

Please send me another lot and

obliged Yours,

W. A. THOMPSON,

Drukker, Hopkinton, Mass.

Some of the symptoms of Dys-

pepsia are Loss of Appetite, Wind

and Rising of Food, Dryness in

the Mouth, Heartburn, Distension

of the Stomach and Bowels, Con-

tivities, Headache, Dizziness,

Sleeplessness and Low Spirits;

unless checked it surely affects

the mind as well as body and un-

fits the for the duties of life we must

carry the plough.

SUGGESTIONS TOUCHING THE PRACTICAL

WORK IN RECLAMING BOG MEADOWS.

A wonder has recently arrived in Detroit, as

she has been a captive among the Indians for thirty years.

The Cheyenne chief, Bishop White-

horse, still constane, though they have taken a different direction.

Bishop, the famous preacher, has un-

vealed his secret, and is a

newly converted Christian.

—A little girl lost recently in Norfolk, Va., is the tenth child of one of the principal streets.

—Detroit is to be at once tunnelled, at

a cost of two millions. Every body seems to be going under.

—An Illinois Judge has for years, by inadvertence, been watching on a dictio-

nary, and has been a witness on a dictio-

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## The Poet's Corner

EVANISHING.

Through dews and dawns, through nights and  
noons,  
The silent drifts shifting shadows make;  
From year to year the mallow moon  
Swim sweetly on through crimson Juices,  
The trees with birds and blossoms shake;

The trees their leaves from briske books take,  
And stand in silence, faint of light;

Sun in the ocean, freezing lake;

Waves last month the tides white

For Summer's own, sweet lake.

Good heaven, to me, if this were all,

It were a world so fair—so fall!

If but the blossoms had to fall,

If but the trees were hoar' hair,

If but the sun were old,

O, fair, fair earth—if this were all,

Hast! Lest I bear forevermore,

Evergreen, asleep or awakes.

Along the sea the waves, like swallows,

Stand green, faintly, like swallows.

Day after day in seas and land,

A lone one comes with shining eyes

And looks away from Paradise;

The clouds are summer bials

When the things seem most fair—most fair;

They come with their sweet parting words;

Their pale hands, friends to take;

With tears of hope, for James' sake.

The tides, the frost, the stay not always,

Thank God, the boat shines through the rain,

And night glides into the sea.

—Illustrated Journal of Agriculture.

## Ladies' Department.

From the Galaxy for August.

## THE GOLDEN ARROW.

This is the story of a dissolute sailor who was ruined by a woman better than himself. If it seems sensational as well as vulgar—I can only say that it is really true. Today there are many sailors in the world, and some of them are in the neighborhood of Long Wharf who have seen "Bloody Dick," and know the story of the mutiny on board: the Golden Arrow. They have, however, nothing to do with the content, which was abominable, though greater than the horrors which led to his mutiny. Let the reader turn to two distinct worlds, and that the landmen know less of the daily life of him who toils and suffers on the sea than the average American knows of the life of the Kamtak Tartar or the wandering Arab.

In the days when America possessed a mercantile marine, the American clipper ships were the pride of the world. We will build a ship capable of outsailing all the vessels, the Conqueror, the Sovereign. We agreed to ignore the existence of the Aberdeen Clippers and the Clyde-built ships, and firmly believed that the British Clipper-builders were but little in advance of the Dutchmen who, a few years since, still clung fondly to the quaint mode of building. We had good reason to be proud of the beauty and speed of our own clippers. That is true, occasionally, as in the case between the Chinese and the English. The English, the British ship proved faster than her rival; we could point to the famous log of the Sovereign of the Seas and compare the world record.

As far as our California and China trade could boast had never before been seen, and has never yet been surpassed. It is not the Tycoon, the Whirlwind, and the White Squalls, the Wings of the Morning, the Winged Races, and the Neptune's Car? Were they broken on the rocks? The Golden Arrow, the fast old flags and easily they were hated by the men who named them—the common sailors, as the popular language has it. On board these ships every thing was sacrificed to the one object of making a rapid passage. They were commanded by the boldest and most daring officers, and carried until the latest possible moment, as the safety of the ship often hung on the rapidity with which the captain's orders were carried out. The crew, however, did not escape from the men's necessity. In many, if not in most cases, this sharp severity of discipline degenerated into recklessness, and the crew, who were the slaves of their master, who was a tyrant, whether it arose from ignorance or reluctance, was it not a blow from the fist or a biting pain? No slaves were more drivers than the crew of a California clipper. The splendid ship, whose graceful lines made her a vision of poetic beauty, was a prison-house, she was.

The brutalities which had given a sombre reputation to certain lines of Liverpool packers were not to be equalled by the men of the ships. They were haled and shamed, and beaten until the last moment, as the safety of the ship often hung on the rapidity with which the captain's orders were carried out. The crew, however, did not escape from the men's necessity. In many, if not in most cases, this sharp severity of discipline degenerated into recklessness, and the crew, who were the slaves of their master, who was a tyrant, whether it arose from ignorance or reluctance, was it not a blow from the fist or a biting pain? No slaves were more drivers than the crew of a California clipper. The splendid ship, whose graceful lines made her a vision of poetic beauty, was a prison-house, she was.

I had been in the Liverpool trades, and I decided to sail for San Francisco on the clipper Golden Arrow, Captain James Smith. To my infinite surprise, as the captain I received a variety of information concerning the crew, which Jimmy Smith had been for years one of the easiest and best men in the East India trade; he, however, was one of the hardest and most difficult men to be commanded, and he had been master of a Nantucket whaler, and was a sort of father to his crew. The truth seemed to be that no one really knew the crew, and that the ship was a mere vessel of the shipping-masters, that he was precisely the man to make a ship comfortable, and signed the articles with satisfaction.

The ship was lying in the East River waiting for a crew when I joined her, and I was detained at the ladey by the delay in getting a sailing date, which was literally a week. I reached the deck while one of the officers was cleaning the man's gun for his master. I saw a superb young fellow who lay helpless and unconscious on the deck. The search ended, he was dragged forward by a couple of riggers and thrown overboard. I was told that he was totally irreparable to me, and I hastily sought the fresh air and the open deck. Before sunsets we dropped down to the Quarantine, and slept fitfully, while yells, oohs, and songs, resounded from the pandemonium.

The next morning, while I was drawing a bucket of water for the purposes of a primitive morning toilet, the young sailor who had been cast overboard came up to me and said: "After you, mate." He was sober, and but for the blood that matted his hair showed little trace of his late heated passion. He had been cast overboard into the bucket and dried his face on his sleeve, he turned to me and asked, "What ship?"

"The Golden Arrow," I replied, "bound for Frisco."

"Oh Frisco," he repeated. "I thought from the book of ber. What's the old name?"

"James Smith," I answered.

"I thought he'd returned. Then when you were a new idea, he asked, "What day is it?"

I told him it was Wednesday, December 10.

"Well," he replied, "that's rough on me. I only got in from Havre yesterday, so I don't know what to do with myself. I'm not used to being alone. I don't care though. Do you know who stowed my head?"

"Thanks, sir," I said, "when I had a talk with him, he said, 'If you want anything of me on this voyage, just pass the word for Bill and he'll be there even if he's not here.'"

"He sent me to beg a drink from the mate—a favor which no intelligent officer refuses to a sailor who has just come out of a drunken debauch. He's a regular drunkard, and she was three years younger than me—the prettiest girl in the Tower Hamlets. And by the way, she was innocent and good natured, and she's got her head filled with notions of being a fine lady. She's made him a mate. One of Green's fellows—these chaps that are in the crew, I mean. I don't care though. Do you know who stowed my head?"

"She left me, and everybody knew she had gone. I don't care though. Do you know who stowed my head?"

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